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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE,

OR, THE CONSTRUCTION OF BUILDINGS WITH REFERENCE TO SOUND AND THE BEST MUSICAL EFFECT.

VII.

In the preceding number of this essay we began the consideration of the nature and make of the walls and ceiling, proper for a room adapted to the display of musical effect. In this connection arises the question, as to the proper form and finish of the internal face of such walls, which is a point of much practical interest and importance.

How the resonance of a room, and the quality of the transmitted tone, is affected by the conformation and structure of its walls, we have previously pointed out. Were these the only modifications of the original sound produced by the materials which circumscribe the limits of any apartment, the indications were plain; for, as we have seen, the same conditions that are necessary for a proper amount of resonance are those, also, required to maintain the strictest purity of intonation, so far as relates to the passage of sound from a denser to a rarer medium, and vice versa.

But every sound shut in by the walls of a

building, is subjected to the disturbing influences of reflection and reverberation. These are consequences it is of the utmost importance to control or subdue, and, these also, are materially modified by the nature and conformation of the circumscribing limits. Unfortunately, the conditions of structure that would favorably affect the first mentioned desirable results, might unfavorably modify the latter. To explain,—so far as resonance and the perfection of the transmitted tone are concerned, the unity of structure, required in the main body of the wall, should not be disturbed at its surface; in other words, the internal face of such wall, being that presented to the sound, should be the solid surface of the substance used in its construction.* Now a wall of masonry, presenting a smooth and solid surface to the sound, will occasion an excess of the residuary portions which constitute direct reflection and reverberation. So that, however satisfactory be the effect of an isolated musical tone, the distinct utterance of a succession of sounds in moderate rapidity is rendered impossible. This is abundantly confirmed by observation and experiment. In a metallic chamber at Montrose, which had been constructed for the preparation of sulphuric acid, Dr. Reid observed that any sound produced in it continued in general for seven or eight seconds after the impulse which had given rise to it had ceased. In the interior of one of Barclay and Perkins' boilers, sound produced in the same way, he states, continued for eight seconds. To these we may add our own observations in the obnoxious rooms at Girard College (before mentioned) which present an even and solid surface of stone internally. So also, in the case of the Musical Fund Hall in Philadelphia. This room is one hundred and twenty-one feet long, sixty broad and twenty-five and a half high to the centre of the arched ceiling, the depth of the arch, four feet four inches, included. Instead of being plastered upon a lathing, battened in the ordinary way, it has a smooth, solid finish upon the face of the wall. By experiments made in this apart-

* In illustration of this principle, witness the injurious effect of combining a variety of materials in the construction of musical instruments upon their free vibration, and the purity of tone imparted. Thus a flute, of which a part is ivory and a part wood, or a portion of which, as in the modern instruments is mostly the case, is sheathed with a lining of metal, loses in great degree its pure and mellow tone, though it acquires thereby, in its upper register, a certain piercing quality (brilliance perhaps,) which gives it a greater prominence in the orchestra, and compensates, in the ears of many, for its losses in other respects.

ment, when empty, we found a reverberation of peculiar intensity, which lasted four to four and a half seconds: on striking the wall, at various points, a sharp, clearly-defined echo was returned. Experiments in other rooms similarly situated, led to a like result.

How to provide fully in one and the same structure for results thus seemingly incompatible is a problem not easy to be solved. It seems to us, however, that walls of solid wood (fir or pine being preferred,) are fittest for the purpose, as containing, in the largest measure, the conditions required. Here alone, perhaps, can be found united the requisites for a free admission and conduction of the sonorous pulses with the conditions favoring also the suppression of excessive echo and reverberation. But, as we have before remarked, the expense of such mode of building, together with its greater attendant risk in a large city, may prove an insurmountable objection to its use.

With a structure of masonry, means should be adopted to overcome, in some measure, the evils just mentioned (excessive reverberation, &c.); and we know of no way by which this can be better accomplished, with the least detriment in other respects, than by the plan of battening and wainscoting the walls, or of lathing and plastering upon them, after the ordinary methods employed in carpentry.* Thus we gain a sound-surface less impenetrable and unresisting than that of the solid walls, while the sonorous waves in their passage to the masonry beyond, find conditions as favorable to the free vibration of the whole structure as the nature of the case will admit. In this mode of finish a space is left between the surfaces, which greatly assists absorption of the injurious excess of sound. A lining or sheathing merely, whether of wood or any other substance, in immediate contact with the wall, not only excludes this provision but is objectionable, also, on the ground that it thus becomes more an integral part of the solid structure, destroying in greater degree that homogeneity it is our aim to preserve. It is analogous in its effects to the sheathing of a musical instrument.

One other question of practical utility comes up in this connection, viz.: as to the comparative

* We would be understood here to use the expressions wainscoting and lathing and plastering, in contradistinction to a mere lining of wood or a layer of plaster upon the solid walls direct: (the profession will pardon us if we misuse their technicalities.)

superiority of thus battening and wainscoting such solid wall with wood, or of lathing and plastering it in the usual manner. Our preferences are in favor of the former plan, substantially for reasons above stated. V.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

GENIUS.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

Stepping from hint to hint, he saw
Some glimmerings of the Primal Law;
The world deemed him no poet-seer,
Yet Nature somehow tuned his ear
To catch her secret whisperings,
The subtler harmony of things.
The critics' croak no furtherance brought,
For steadily onward moved his thought.
To the eagle soaring in the sun
What boots the brood that crawl and run?
All lesser lights look pale and dim;
The private soul sufficeth him;
And the song he singeth to his heart
Hath led him, like a forest-bird, apart.

[From the London Musical World.]

Beethoven's "Ruinen von Athen."

(Concluded from our last.)

Herr Schindler has lately advanced something about the avarice of Johann van Beethoven, a druggist, the brother of our composer, as having induced certain publications, and certain dedications, more or less against the will of Beethoven himself, and this allegation is, in some respects, corroborated by a passage in Ries' *Notizen*. But even avarice can hardly be credited with such short-sightedness, as to make two successive sales of the copyright of an unmeritorious work, which, if it failed the first time, would depreciate the value of future productions of the author, and if it succeeded the second time, would destroy his character for integrity, and prevent the likelihood of the party to the first sale making subsequent engagements with him. And all this while the *Duet* in G minor, the *Chorus* in E minor, and the *Chorus* in G in this same *Masque of the Ruins of Athens*, compositions that even Beethoven never surpassed, remained still unknown, unplayed save on the occasion of their original production. To wonder at is not to solve the mystery; and as we can only wonder, a mystery it must remain, except some one competent to treat the subject should sooner or later elicit the facts, and lay them clearly before the world; though, truly, about a composition of so small importance as this *Overture*, the interest can never repay the research.

The *Overture* commences with a portion of the opening symphony of the *Duet* which forms one of the most prominent features of the dramatic music; but the *Overture* breaks off precisely where the interest of the *Duet* begins. After this, we have another short fragment which is taken from the triumphal *Chorus*; this calls forth little admiration when given with the context that alone can make it intelligible; as it appears here, it is wholly without interest. This much constitutes what may be called the Introduction; the *Allegro*, which is the principal movement, is of the slightest possible pretension. It has a principal subject in G, which gives place to an episode in C of some little quaintness, and even prettiness, of character; then the chief subject is resumed in A, and finally, with little ceremony, it is again brought in in G, to close the *Overture*.

The first *Chorus*, "Daughter of high throned Jove," calls for little comment. A digression from the original key of E flat, in C major, for an interludal symphony has an effect that can only be described as whimsical—the master may be supposed to have found himself, as the examination of the sequel will still further illustrate, uncomfortably fettered in the society of Gods and Goddesses, and he seems to have sought in

this digression, and sought in vain, a safety valve for his imagination.

The next piece is the very beautiful *Duet*, to which allusion has twice been made, "Faultless yet hated." This is of a wholly different character from what has preceded, and gives scope for the warmest, the sincerest expressions of unqualified admiration. It is the lament of two Greek slaves for the fallen condition of their native land, whose fertile soil they are compelled to cultivate, although they cannot enjoy its fruits. The rugged, broken character of the opening bars, suggests the feeling of despair with which a sensitive heart must collapse within itself, at sight of the desecration of all that is most beautiful in art, of all that is most worshipful in nature, at the degradation of humanity itself, which, at the time of Kotzebue and Beethoven, polluted the ground where Socrates and Phidias taught their deathless lesson to the world. This subsides into an expression of plaintive sadness conveyed in a long, continuous, well-developed, clearly defined melody, of most touching pathos. Every phrase of this exquisite little movement calls forth an exclamation of delight, and its general effect sinks deep in the memory, to leave an impression there that accumulating experience cannot qualify, that time cannot efface. To single out a point for especial eulogy from a surface of even loveliness, is as if to signalize the bluest spot in the expanse of heaven; yet, should we know where those we love abide, that portion of the impenetrable azure which we believe to cover them, will surely be to us the brightest; and thus if some portion of a work of art appeal more particularly than the rest to our individual sympathy, such portion will ever be prominent in its effect upon our feelings, while our judgment pronounces the merit of the whole to be equal. Such prominence, to my personal rather than to my critical appreciation, has the beautiful cadence commencing from a chord of the fundamental seventh upon A, where the responsive sighing of the two voices indicates the expression which nothing could more perfectly, more touchingly embody than the passage before us. One naturally wonders how it can be that a piece so evidently written with the whole heart of the composer, and appealing direct from thence to the kindred feeling of all who hear it, should be so little known as still remains the *Duet* under notice; not to speak of the still-growing appreciation of the author; not to speak of the homage that is due to a great man of rendering the justice of our attention to all his works, to consider this *Duet* apart from Beethoven, and to regard it for its own particular merits alone, I cannot conceive why it is not in the possession of every one whose taste inclines to the higher, the intellectual style of music, and in constant requisition wherever such music is performed.

The following piece, the *Chorus* of Dervises, is indeed better known; and its wonderfully graphic effect I believe widely appreciated. Here we have a party of the fanatic devotees of the Moslem faith chanting their wild song of adoration, accompanied with the frantic dance that is said to form a part of the ceremonial of their worship. Music presents nothing more strikingly characteristic than the uncouth melody that marks this truly extraordinary composition, and even this is more powerfully colored by the perfectly original and quite individual accompaniment that is maintained throughout. I have never been in the land of the Crescent, and I know little of El Islam; but through the medium of that treasury of imagination, the *Thousand and One Nights' Entertainments*—such may be the case with many readers who are far wider travelled, and far deeper read than myself; but these, like me, may not have explored in vain the Valley of Diamonds, nor have been wrecked upon the Loadstone Rock, without the chance of coming to a safe haven in the ocean of ideality, with which it is surrounded; to such, there is an East of our own, which, (though it may be entirely discrepant with the Mohammedan districts of geographical reality, where the manner, and thoughts, and superstitions of the people may be

no less matter of line and rule than the latitude and longitude of the land they live in,) which is real and true, and tangible, as ever the realm of romantic fiction can furnish a resting place. It is the hot-bed of pleasant fancies, the native soil of ideal beauty. It is filled with dreamfuls of Genii, and Houris, and beautiful slave girls, and the almost unimaginable pomp of the Commander of the Faithful, with his black banner; and oh! such moonlight nights, and illuminated pavilions, and sleeping boats upon silent streams, and the mufti, and the minaret, and the call to prayer, and the pilgrimages to Mecca, and the prodigious endurances of persecution and privation volunteered for what in our occidental selfishness of superstition is condemned as monstrous and madness, but what, if only by means of the medium of poetry through which we behold it, enforces a feeling that it cannot be profane to call reverence, while we deny it our worship, and the creed, like the country, has with all its loveliness, its darkened places, and its many a tale of terror. With minds thus prepared, let us listen to the marvellous creation of Beethoven, and I cannot but suppose that it will present a realization of the wildest ideality, so essentially local in its character, and so obviously a portrait in its local coloring, as to give us the certainty that if it be not true to the subject it illustrates, the subject cannot be true to itself, since nothing can be natural but only what is here portrayed. The chant of the Dervises consists of a most entirely singular melody, which is once repeated with the same words and then, after an equally individual symphony, that fully carries out the feeling of the vocal strain, resumed with some slight modifications to accommodate the extended metre of the verse, and prolonged with more than reduplicated power; and this second strophe, with the instrumental interlude, is also given twice,—then without coda and with only a few concluding bars, for the orchestra, the movement closes. The voices, tenors and basses only, sing in unison throughout, and the string instruments play ceaselessly in unison with them, save that in the accompaniment every crotchet is divided into a triplet of quavers, and there is no harmony throughout, in the interludal symphonies, (wherein the only, and these, though transient, very striking modulations from the original key of E minor occur) but only the peculiar counterpoint of the brass instruments, the limited scale of which necessitates the employment of the most strange and unusual combinations with the notes of the Choral Chant—hence arises a beauty out of the so-called imperfection of the natural capacity of the horn and trumpet which the misnamed improvements of valves and keys, and pistons, and what not, tend to annihilate, and thus to destroy all the individuality of character of those most prominent instruments, and so to nullify the very existence of orchestral coloring. The *Chorus* commences at a pianissimo, which gradually rises with the furious zeal of the singers, to the utmost power of the voices and instruments, when, for the first time, what—for the want of another technical definition—I have described as the counterpoint of the brass instruments, is introduced, and their fanatic fury reaches its climacteric, when on the high F the exclamation, "Great Prophet, hail!" is given with a preternatural ecstasy of fervor; the delirium that is here most forcibly depicted, gradually subsides, and the decrescendo that brings the movement to its conclusion, presents the exhaustion that is consequent upon such an exertion of all the mental and physical energies. Any, the greatest dramatic composer, might envy Beethoven such a subject for the exercise of one of his highest, most important qualities, but it is impossible to conceive the existence of such a genius as would not emulate in vain such a treatment of it as this, in which art supplants nature, or truth has so completely invested fiction with her own image, that we find the real and the ideal blent into one, and that one everything that can be imagined of perfection.

The Turkish March that next follows, illustrates another phase of the oriental character with no less vividly picturesque and truly dra-

matic effect, than the preceding piece; but epithets have been exhausted in the description of the Dervises' Chorus, and even admiration stands still, to rest from her unwonted excitement, after experiencing the effect of that remarkable movement. I can only say that, if this March be not national in its character, so eminently characteristic is it, and so full of all essentials that constitute nationality in music, nature should pay her debt to art that has so truthfully idealized her, by heaving up, incontinent, a nation from her womb of waters, in which this music shall be played for all time to come, and where no other style will be acknowledged. A technical point that will always be prominent in its effect, is the anticipation of the key of B flat, with the full force of the orchestra, at each recurrence to the subject after the momentary digression to G major, and whoever hears the movement with attention, or examines it with care, will find still much more matter to repay his pains.

The Triumphal March and Chorus, "Twine ye a Garland," of which a fragment is introduced in the Overture, has been long known in London. Here we pass again from the true poetry of life to the bombast of allegory, and the music becomes mouthy, inflated, bathetic accordingly. In Mr. Bartholomew's version, this is the place where the pageant of Shakspeare's characters passes in procession, the accompaniment of which is a strain of music in the grandiose style, many times repeated, but always with additional, or, at least, varied instrumentation. The idea of a passing procession is well enough embodied, more or less, after the manner of the Chorus in *Judas Maccabæus*, "See the conquering Hero," but by no means so successfully.

The Chorus, "Susceptible Hearts," is a most lovely stream of song, in which the smooth, flowing effect of the beautiful vocal part-writing is fully equalled by the exquisitely continuous, rhythmical melody, that is always obvious throughout. This again, is a piece that is perfectly available for separate performance, and that can never be efficiently performed without charming all who hear it; few who are familiar with it, may wonder so much as they must regret that it is not more frequently heard in public—some fewer of these few might do more than wonder and regret, they might make opportunities for its being frequently brought forward, and they would win the thanks of all whose acknowledgments are worth acceptance, those, namely, who have that intuitive perception of the beautiful, which would induce the appreciation of the Chorus under consideration, which must, indeed, have been "the sweet sound breathed over a bank of violets" that hovered in the poet's foreboding, when he wrote the exquisite description that is universally familiar because it appeals to universal sympathy.

The remaining pieces, the Air for bass with Chorus, "Deign, great Apollo," and the final Chorus, "Hail, mighty Master!" carry out the feeling, or, if you will, the want of it, that is embodied in the Overture and the opening Chorus. Such music is made, not created; and not educated by the divine fire of heaven, may be truly said to smell of the lamp whose warmthless lustre may light the laborious effort of necessary contrivance, but can give no nourishment to the healthful fruit of human genius. To analyze them would be tedious, as to hear them would be uninteresting, so I shall neglect no duty to the work nor to the reader in quitting them without further comment.

Such is the *Ruins of Athens*, a work written to be ephemeral, but presenting (besides those four pieces, the Duet, the Dervises' Chorus, the Turkish March, and the Chorus in G, which will live so long as the name of Beethoven is known,) this lasting moral to the world, namely that no greatness is immaculate, since even Beethoven, at a period when his imagination was in the exercise of its utmost vigor, was capable of the production of such music, as, but for his name, would now be utterly unworthy of the pains that may be spent in censuring it. O ye who write not, but who sit in judgment upon such, as emulating the highest, only fail as even the highest have failed, let this teach you to temper your

condemnation of all that misses its aim of perfection, and to have candor with them if not mercy upon them! Remember, if it be easier to appreciate beauties than to equal them, it is also much, much easier, and it needs a world less talent, to find faults than to commit them.

G. A. MACFARREN.

Josef Gungl on Musical Taste in America.

[We translate the following portions of a letter of this well-known Waltz maker, from an old number of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, where it appears under date of New York, Feb. 4th, 1849. Oh, Josef! Josef! did we not find thee a "a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well," laden with the fruits of thy genius? Can'st thou say "the Yankees have sorely grieved thee, and shot at thee, and hated thee?" But now, again, in thy native land, thy "bow abides in strength!"]

At length I will undertake to inform you how it really is with *Madame Musica* in America; true, I did this superficially in my last, but to-day I will go into the matter thoroughly. As I told you before, the above-mentioned dame lies still in the cradle here and nourishes herself on sugar-teats. How much soever the American as a business man perhaps surpasses most European nations, just so much perhaps in all departments of the fine arts, but especially in Music, is he behind all, and is therefore not capable of enjoying instrumental music. [Such music as you played, Oh, Josef!] It is a matter of course, that only the so-called anti-classical music can in any degree suit the taste of an American public; such as Waltzes, Gallops, Quadrilles, above all Polkas. That there are exceptions, I cannot deny, but only a few, very few.

There is no want of virtuosos here, thanks to Europe so rich in that class. During my three months residence here the following have arrived: 1st. The Hohnstocks, brother and sister, from Brunswick (Piano and Violin). Made nothing, completely fallen through—both rather good. 2d. Hatton, pianist from London, very capable. Fallen through totally. 3d. Ingleheimer, from Germany. Compared with his deserts, totally fallen through. His instrument, violin. 4th. A young Englishman, his name I do not at this moment recall,—piano, very good, passed away, leaving no trace. 5th. Coehnen, violinist from Holland, remarkably good, played to empty benches. 6th. Dresel, pianist, I believe from Saxony. He will not gain the treasures of the Indies in America. 7th. A Madame Gorla Bothe, who wishes to make the Yankees believe, that she is prima donna at the Royal Opera in Berlin. Sings like a jay, and gets applause in proportion. I have my doubts whether the said Gorla would venture to appear at the temple of the Muses at Schöneberg,* for really she sings worse than a watchman. In short, whoever would take the much talked of Gorla Bothe, after the first note of her screeching, for prima donna of the Berlin opera, must be a Chinese, a Hottentot or an Esquimaux. A Madame Bishop, Englishwoman, much better than the last, is travelling about in the United States with Bochs, the old virtuoso on the harp, and understands how to operate on the Americans. She understands Hombock [humbog] (the American expression for charlatanism) and contrives once in a while to excite their emotions and feelings, even down to their purses. I engaged her myself for my first concert in Boston, and had to pay her

* A place for low concerts near Berlin.

\$400. Did Herr von Küstner [superintendent of the Berlin Opera] ever pay a singer so much for a single evening? Certainly not! But then she had to exhibit a little as a comedian. First she appeared as Anna Bolena, with dishevelled hair, then as Norma (without children, though) and lastly as the Daughter of the Regiment, with a drum, and a little tobacco-pipe stuck in her hat. The art-loving, discerning public applauded bravely, and it seemed to me, that the tobacco pipe most especially called forth the enormous applause. If I find that I cannot make it go, I know what I will do, I will take also to the tobacco pipe.

Henri Herz has been here sometime, and has had an excellent concert. It was the same in which I informed you that I should take part. Besides that, during his stay in Boston he gave a second, and that in connection with a pianist, by the name of Strakosch,—at which there were not many hearers. Strakosch, as a pianist, is worthy to be placed by the side of the much talked of songstress, Gorla Bothe. He has been for three-fourths of a year in the United States, calls himself a pianist of the very first rank, and has given concerts, which thus far would not always turn out happily. So you see that we here labor under no scarcity of virtuosos, not to mention those which stand in the same category with the knights of the flute.

New York also has its *Symphony soirées*. A Union of the German musicians under the protection of several art-loving and rich Americans, forms the so-called Philharmonic Society. This Society gives annually a series of about four concerts, in which Beethoven's, Spohr's, and other good Symphonies are performed. Some days ago I heard Spohr's Symphony, *Irdisches und Göttliches im Menschenleben*, for two orchestras. Considering the strength of the orchestras it went pretty well. The audience was, however, rather small and grows less at each concert. Besides the Symphony, I heard Weber's splendid overture to *Oberon*, by which, however, I was not much edified. Just so little was I pleased with Lindpaintner's warlike "Jubel overture."

There is also an Italian opera here under the direction of Mr. Fry. This is at least as good as that troupe which visits Berlin every winter; they make rather more money than the virtuosos, but get none of the treasures of America so much dreamed of.

But the so-called "Minstrels" have the best business here. The companies are composed commonly of six or seven individuals of the masculine gender. They paint their faces black, sing negro songs, dance and jump about as if possessed, change their costumes three or four times each evening, beat each other to the great delight of the art-appreciating public, and thus earn not only well-deserved fame but enormous sums of money. I am of opinion that they look upon the latter as worth more than all the rest.

Circus-riders, rope-dancers, beast-tamers, giants, dwarfs and the like are in such numbers that they may surely be reckoned as forming a certain per-centage of the population.

On a visit to Boston I had opportunity of becoming acquainted with the above-named pianist, Mr. Hatton. In one of his concerts I assisted him, out of politeness, and I will give you a little picture to show you how the good man went to work to amuse the public. He sang a song with an

American text, in which he accompanied himself. For this purpose he tied a string of sleigh-bells to his leg, and had beside an assistant, who with some instrument for the purpose represented the cracking of a whip. And now he sang and jingled as if possessed, and his assistant allowed no want of whip snapping, and thus they aroused a storm of applause, which had no end until they had repeated it several times *da capo*. The close of this magnificent piece of music was about as follows:

[Here follow about a dozen bars of music of the baldest and most common-place harmony, one staff for the whip, and one for the sleigh-bells.]

This piece preceded the "Overture to the Magic Flute," and Preludes and Fugues from Handel, Bach and Mendelssohn. But not a hand applauded these. I think that what I have said is fully sufficient to give you light in some degree as to the Taste for Art of the American public.

From the Manchester (England) Guardian.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Walk with the beautiful and with the grand;
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her,
Walk with the beautiful!

I hear thee say, "The beautiful! what is it?"
Oh, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,
For thou can'st make it smile beside thy door.
Then love the beautiful!

Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when thy heart is lonely;
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only.
Then love the beautiful!

Sigh for it! kiss it when 'tis in thy way;
Be its idolater as of a maiden.
Thy parents bent to it, and more than they
Be thou its worshipper. Another Eden
Comes with the beautiful!

Some boast its presence upon Helen's face;
Some in the pinion'd pipers of the skies;
But be not fool'd. Where'er thy eye might trace,
Searching the beautiful it will arise,
Then seek it everywhere!

Thy bosom is its mint; the workmen are
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee. Believing
The beautiful is master of a star,
Thou mak'st it so; but art thyself deceiving
If otherwise thy faith.

Dost see the beauty in the violet cup?
I'll teach thee miracles. Walk on this heath,
And say to the neglected flowers, "Look up,
And be ye beautiful!" If thou hast faith,
They will obey thy word.

One thing, I warn thee; crook no knee to gold;
It is a witch of such almighty power
That it will turn thy young affections old.
I reach my hand to him who, hour by hour,
Preaches the beautiful.

Gleanings from German Musical Papers.

The readers of Moscheles' translation of Schindler's Life of Beethoven will recollect that the great composer was indebted to Schenk, author of the *Dorfbarbier*, (Village Barber,) for those corrections to his lessons in composition, which Haydn, his master, should have made, but did not. In a recent review of the doings at the Berlin Opera-house, we notice that two old operas, *Fanchon*, by Himmel, and the *Dorf-*

barbier, have been aroused from the slumber of half a century, and produced for the gratification of the present generation of opera-goers in that city. Ludwig Rellstab, one of the first living musical critics, thus speaks of it:—"The *Dorfbarbier*, certainly, in comparison with *Fanchon*, appears to have been *carpentered* with a broad-axe, while the other is polished up to the highest degree. But so should it be: the humorous and grotesque subject demands this broad pencil. The text, comic throughout, and the unequalled humor of the composer, go continually hand in hand. Incontrollable laughter forms an accompaniment to every number. The comic songs are excellent, every where exhibiting the most proper expression, the finest accentuation, and yet are never overloaded. All is real, healthy nature, actually refreshing in comparison with the out-of-place overloading of art at the present day. Besides, high skill is shown in the difficult matter of keeping all clear and distinct in the most complicated stage situations; the effect in the scene of the soaped peasants could not be better. The death-song is a pattern of sound and innocent humor, which could only be a stone of offence to the shallowness of a false virtue. The performance was in part excellent, and the exceedingly humorous part of Adam was perfection itself. Pity only that another gentleman had not performed 'Old Lux,' or rather, Heaven be praised! For if one, as it was, was already almost exhausted with laughing, how could he have survived a double dose? From a full heart the warmest thanks to the veteran Schenk, (who is 98 years old,) and to the, unhappily, unknown poet!" [Herr Rellstab is mistaken as to the age of Schenk. He was born at Wien-Neustadt, in Lower Austria, in 1761, and died at Vienna, Dec. 29, 1836.]

A Leipzig Journal speaks of Mlle. Cruvelli thus: Fräulein Cruvell, who since her return from Italy assumes the name of Cruvelli, has been singing Italian in a German opera at Frankfort am Main, and the audience did not laugh her off the stage; but laughed at the other performers, who sang in German. Mlle. Cruvelli receives 100 gulden (about \$500) a night, which Fräulein Cruvell certainly never could get.

We think the following paragraph will contain some news for folks this side of the water:

Jenny Lind, according to Barnum's accounts, has received \$308,800 for her portion of the receipts at her concerts; Barnum's lion's share is of course much greater. Henrietta Sontag's experiment in America does not seem to be so successful; in Mr. Barnum she has a dangerous opponent, as he is doing all possible in favor of Alboni, who is singing for him! Very unpleasant occurrences have already taken place, great disturbances have arisen at Sontag's concerts and at serenades in her honor.

Where did the German editor get his information?

The difficulties between Richard Wagner and the director of the Opera at Berlin have been settled, and *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* are both in rehearsal there. The Breslau (Silesia) papers, speaking of the performances of *Tannhäuser* there, say that it drew crowded houses, that the receipts were extraordinary, and that Wagner stands alone in his art.

An undoubted Stradivarius violin, formerly belonging to Count Yoldin of Copenhagen, has just been sold for 510 Thalers gold—say \$450.

A late number of the *Illustrirte Zeitung* contains a portrait (in the character of Othello) and a sketch of the life of Ira Aldridge, the son of a former African preacher in New York, who has been playing very successfully in England, and has just been greeted with the greatest applause in the theatres at Brussels, Aix la chapelle, Cologne, Bonn and Frankfort am Main.

Some one having written to a German musical paper that Gungl's want of success was the cause of his returning to Germany with but seven members of an orchestra, another paper explains the fact thus: "We learn from authentic sources that the reason was not his want of success, but on the other hand, the profits were so great that his musicians broke their contract with him, made in Berlin, and demanded an increase of salaries, which he would not grant; but a contract in America is of no value (!) and Gungl therefore could not force them by law to keep the one made with him. The Nemesis has already reached some of these people, who without a roof to cover them are suffering the punishment of their evil deeds."

We opine that this will be news to the members of Gungl's orchestra, who are still among us.

[From the London Globe.]

Sketch of M. Jullien.

There are few men in the musical world who have been more constantly before the English public the past fifteen years, in the several capacities of composer (*impresario*) and *directeur*, than M. Jullien. While the works of writers of loftier pretensions and more sounding names are permitted to fall into comparative neglect, those of M. Jullien have grown familiar to the popular ear, and become what we may not inconsistently term "household sounds."

Something of the early history of a man who has occupied so prominent a niche in the "general temple," the public may have no objections to hear. His father, Antonio Jullien, was Band Master of the *Cent Suisses* in the revolution of 1789, and his regiment being massacred at the Louvre, he emigrated to Rome, where, attaching himself to the body guard of the Pope, he formed an alliance with an Italian lady of some distinction. Some time after the union the twain determined on revisiting France, and while on the journey, in the French Alps, on the 23d of April 1812, at a chalet near Sisteron, Jullien was born. The intervention of circumstances altered the original intention of proceeding to France, and the little family remained at Sisteron amid the wild solitudes of the Alps. Here Antonio taught singing, and his little son, with an intuitive genius for music, it is said, learned the various *solfeggios* from casually overhearing them several times, so as to be able to repeat them with astonishing precision and fluency. His father, surprised and delighted at this wonderful power of acquirement, cultivated his infant voice, taught him a number of pleasing French and Italian songs, and gave concerts in the most important towns of the south of France, where the child was regarded, in all the fondness of public enthusiasm, as *le petit phénomène*.

At the age of five, doubtless from the too premature exercise of a delicate organ, he lost his voice, and returning to his mountain home he devoted himself arduously to the study of the violin on which instrument he displayed so much skill as to induce his father to project a series of concerts in the principal Italian cities, where he met with universal favor. On one occasion, after performing the difficult variations of Rodé at the *Teatro*

Reale at Turin, he was lifted from the stage into the Queen's box by command, to receive the regal marks of gratification and delight. This incident brought him into great favor with the Court, and for a whole season he was the caressed of the Sardinian noblesse.

While sojourning for professional purposes at Marseilles, his father met the Admiral de Rigny, then commander of the squadron of the *Levant*, who induced him to abandon his musical pursuits, and enter the service. This strange mutation in their affairs of life led to father and son remaining in the French navy for three years, both being present at the battle of Navarino in 1827. Returning to France at the end of this time, young Jullien, inspired with a feeling of heroism, enlisted as a soldier, and for six months bore the drudgery of a musket in the 54th Regiment of infantry. But this dull routine of stringent discipline was ill adapted to the temper and restless genius of our hero. His regiment being ordered to Briançon on the Piedmontese frontier, he deserted for the purpose of visiting his mother, then living at Turin, whom he had not seen for several years. Returning to the quarters at night in a deep snow, he scaled the walls of the ramparts, and seeking the colonel in command, sued for clemency at his hands. The officer, who, it seems, was a benevolent man, heard his story, and, touched by the filial love of the young soldier, immediately interceded, and thus saved him from the fate of ignominy and death. His father shortly after this occurrence purchased his discharge, and, with the secret love of the musical art burning in his soul, he set out on foot and walked to Paris, determined, if possible, to enter the *Conservatoire*. A firm will and indomitable energy overcame every obstacle, and in less than six months after his arrival he was entered as an *élève* in that institution, under the illustrious Cherubini, who particularly directed the attention of his *protégé* to the study of sacred music. The tuition of such a master was calculated to rouse all the natural genius of the aspiring youth, and his proficiency attracted general attention. He was also fortunate enough at this time to enjoy the friendship of Sig. Rossini, who benefited him by various acts of professional kindness, and indeed gave him a course of lessons in counterpoint. The reverence and dignity that Cherubini associated with his art is well known; and it is said that M. Jullien's first publication of a *valse* cost him the interest and friendship of that distinguished master.

On retiring from the *Conservatoire*, M. Jullien received the important appointment of *directeur* of the Concerts at the *Champs Elysées*, and the halls of the Académie Royale. In this position he was brought prominently before the public of the French capital, and a well earned popularity induced him to lease the Hotel of the Duke of Padua, which he converted into a grand *salle* for balls and concerts that long were the rage of Paris. So successful was his initial introduction of the Italian Casino into France, that several managers of the leading theatres banded in a clique to subvert the efforts of the devoted *entrepreneur*, the end of which was that the year 1839 drove him to England. He commenced his excellent Promenade Concerts at Drury-lane Theatre, at the same period, and from that time to the present his brilliant festivals have created, not only in London but throughout the United Kingdom, the most enthusiastic feelings of interest among all classes. With a laudable and patriotic desire to establish in London an English Opera, M. Jullien organized in 1847 a *troupe* of *artistes* of celebrity, and produced a series of works in a style of splendor unprecedented in the annals of the English lyric stage. But this effort, like many others of a similar nature, was ill-requited; and at the end of the season the manager found himself loser of an enormous sum, the results of at least ten years of active professional labor.

It was during this time that M. Jullien introduced to the English public in opera Mr. Sims Reeves, whose fine tenor voice had attracted his attention in Italy. M. Jullien has distinguished himself as quite a musical *cicerone*, having from

time to time brought forward Persiani, Dorus Gras, Anna Thillon, and Jetty Treffz. To his taste and enterprise the lovers of music are also indebted for the pleasure they have experienced in hearing Pischeck, Vivier, Koenig, Bottessini, Cioffi, Wuille, and the brothers Mollinshauer; all of whom have appeared in England under his management. At various periods the names of Vieuxtemps, Ernst, Sivori, Sainton, and *artistes* of similar position, have likewise graced his programmes.

We need scarcely revert at this time to M. Jullien's last and most ambitious work, "*Pietro Il Grande*," produced last season at Covent Garden, in which Tamberlik so distinguished himself. Its introduction was characterized by a magnificence and splendor of *ensemble* rarely witnessed even at the premier Opera-house of the metropolis.

To enumerate his smaller works—his "waiflets and estrays" of music—would be like counting the leaves of the forest. They have been taken into custody by the world, and not to find a *bonâ fide* "Jullien" in any civilized country would indeed be a species of musical marvel.

It was a saying of Goethe, the German Shakespeare, that we should do our utmost to encourage the beautiful, for the useful encouraged itself. This sentiment M. Jullien seems to have incorporated in his professional policy, never losing sight of, amid the vivacity of his *ad captandum* levities, the sterling and beautiful compositions of the great masters. In this respect he may be said to have educated the public at large, familiarising by degrees the general ear with a class of music that of erst was confined to the sympathies and appreciation of the select few. This popularization of the works of such authors as Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, is an achievement in itself worthy of conferring immortal honors on M. Jullien, who undeniably has had the public taste to a considerable extent under his direction. He has been in a position to appeal to the ears of thousands of the masses, and a glance at his programmes from year to year will serve to show how admirably he has sustained that position.

W. G.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 18, 1852.

Second Germania Concert.

This was one of the most successful entertainment which the "Germanians" have ever given, and in the matter of the programme was a great improvement on the first. The orchestra itself now numbers twenty-nine, instead of twenty-two instruments, and with five very effective first violins, three seconds, three violas, two violoncellos and two double basses, tells as admirably in the string as in the wind department. Herr GARTNER's violin, especially, is a very palpable accession. We have never heard a symphony or an overture given with so much breadth and power by this little orchestra, always unrivalled for unbroken certainty and purity of outline in every composition which it undertook to render.

The Symphony in C minor, by the Danish pupil and successor of Mendelssohn, Niels W. Gade, is a work of great force, originality, wild grandeur and richness of coloring,—Gade's fullest and happiest expression perhaps of that strange Ossianic vein, in which he indulges in his overture, "Echoes from Ossian," and indeed more or less in all his works. The first movement, both in the contemplative, sea-shore mood of the slow introduction, and in the energy of the Allegro, reminded one repeatedly of Mendelssohn, and yet indicated plenty of a certain strong, rugged

individuality besides. The Scherzo is altogether original, with the wild, tempestuous, mad glee with which it sets out, then the lull broken by the mysterious sobs and gusts of reeds and flutes answering one another, and then that quaint little dream of fairy revelries, in running triplets with the strings muted. The slow movement (*Andantino Grazioso*) is sweetly, solemnly, religiously composing, and absorbs all distracted thoughts in the "feeling" which is "deeper than all thought;" and the finale, which perhaps is the least remarkable of the four movements, with an old Danish melody for subject, has a wild Vikingir fire and emphasis, which fitly terminates this strange musical poem of the North. The performers, severally and collectively, seemed perfectly to realize the beautiful and strange spell of the music, and rendered it in all its energy and all its beauty.

The career of Gade has been singular. This first symphony established his reputation and was the wonder of all Germany, although rejected by the Philharmonic Society in London. Mendelssohn himself said of it to an artist now in this city, that it was "the only really new thing since Beethoven." Some of us had already heard, at rehearsals of the Fund and Germania orchestras, his third or fourth symphony, with by no means the same interest that we heard this. And we are told that his second effort in this great line, where so few have proved their mastery, disappointed the appetites sharpened by the first, equalling it only in the slow movement, that the third was weaker than the second, and the fourth weaker than the third. A writer in the *Foreign Quarterly* (Chorley?) had this impression of him, and of symphony composition in Germany generally, in 1845:

The productions of the German instrumental composers of the second rank, Lindpaintner, Reissiger, Kalliwoda, Lachner, &c., are really curious for their fidelity to a good style, for the science and ability they display, and for their number, under circumstances of no great public encouragement. There is a national pertinacity about the composers of this class; they like to accumulate works, content now and then to hit the mark of public satisfaction, anxious at all times to maintain an honorable rank by industrious and conscientious efforts, which, whatever their deficiency in genius, never sacrifice good taste. Where players are numerous, novelty must be had—be it novelty in name rather than in substance. But long comparisons of works of this kind with the beautiful and imperishable remains of the Mozart and Haydn school has awakened in many places, somewhat tardily, the notion of patronage as a means to the revival of genius, and we are not to believe that if a composer of the good old sort were to appear he would be left to pine in obscurity, or to write waltzes and polkas for his living. Premiums for symphonies have now been offered from various quarters for several years, and Laureates have been found;—however that any approach to a new Beethoven has been made we will not venture to assert. The favorite symphonist and present director of the Leipzig concerts, Niels W. Gade, a young Dane, obtained his first distinction in this way, a symphony of his having been crowned by a prize offered at Copenhagen, which was adjudged by Spohr and F. Schindler. The Leipzig amateurs hailed the appearance of this youthful talent—they discovered that his physiognomy resembled Mozart's, while the letters of his name composed the four open strings of the violin; and, with pardonable superstition, they drew from these circumstances favorable prognostics. Gade has, indeed, shown every disposition to avail himself of the advantages of study afforded by the highly musical city of Leipzig, but his second

symphony has appeared, and is pronounced to be very much like his first. The second work is the touchstone of a new pen in any walk of art; but we would not deal in unfavorable omens where so fair a career of life seems open. Had nothing further been done to evince the general sense entertained in Gade's merits than his election to an office of conductor, in which his two immediate predecessors were Mendelssohn and Müller, that alone would have sufficed.

If all this be true, there seems little danger that the line of giants in the symphony form will soon cease to be, as our politicians say, "conveniently small;" we can still count up Haydn's, Mozart's, Beethoven's immortal *nine*, Mendelssohn's two only that survive out of four; to these add perhaps Schubert, and perhaps Schumann, and our memory shall not be burdened or our interest distracted by many more.

The overture to "*Leonora*," alias "*Fidelio*," which unites all the characteristics of Beethoven, the gloom, the grandeur, the depth, the tragic pathos, the warmth of a great loving heart revealing itself amid the sterner harmonies in sweetest streams of melody, was grandly, feelingly performed. As in Sontag's concerts, the trumpet flourish, which suddenly brings hope in the fearful crisis of the prison scene, was played, and very properly, behind the stage; but this time it sounded too faint and far. The noisier overture to the "*Night Camp of Granada*," by Kreutzer, was well by way of foil and contrast to the nobler pieces above named, and historically as indicating what is done by clever composers now-a-days, who are not geniuses; it was a good rousing, brassy piece, too, with which to play the people out.

MME. SIEDENBURG, suffering plainly from a cold, made a vain trial of her voice, and the concert was curtailed, perhaps to the no great regret of anybody, of a couple of little songs which might have been applauded into four. Our hearty thanks to ALFRED JAEHL for giving us so fine a specimen, and with such clear and satisfactory rendering, of the more elaborate classic compositions of CHOPIN,—the Concerto in E minor! It was full of beauties, the orchestration subdued by the necessity of Chopin's nature to the most delicate, shadowy, unobtrusive accompaniment; and though that form required of him more brilliancy, more popular effect than is his wont, yet repeatedly there fleet and smile across the bolder and more common passages some of those faint, exquisite *floriture*, so steeped in finest sentiment, which reveal the inmost peculiarity of Chopin. At the same time we could not but recognize the truth of what Liszt says of his Concertos: namely, that, in his efforts to bring his thoughts into the limits of the strictly classic form, "we discern rather the will, the purpose, than the inspiration." (See Journal Vol. I. No. 4.) Speaking of this, let us also not omit to own our debt to Mr. Jaell, for trusting his public so far at a late rehearsal as to give, and finely too, one of Chopin's lovely Polonaises. We are sure the majority liked this quite as well as variations on the "*Last Rose*," the "*Bohemian Polka*," &c., and even many of the "*Belles of Boston*" felt that there was something finer to listen to than their own praises. *Vive la bagatelle!* will do, but be it always after we have first made sure of something serious and substantial.

A word for the charming, thoughtful looking little fairy, CAMILLE URSO. Only second to

PAUL JULLIEN, she is with her violin a greater wonder, measured by all ordinary measures, than we can fathom or appreciate. We have to consign the mystery to that ever convenient category, that vastly capacious and yet most jealous receptacle, which has been labelled *genius*. This time the worth of this child artist was acknowledged by an audience worthy of her power; her modest and yet self-possessed *entrée*, her undisturbed simplicity and truthfulness of manner, won all hearts, as well as the mature style and truthfulness with which she rendered her difficult music. There is not all the power, all the inventive variety of Jullien, but there is quite as deep and entire a feeling and absorption of the player in the music, and often a broader, richer, if not quite so fine, a quality of tone, especially in her adagios. The more we think of it, the more we feel disposed to ask for Jullien and Urso, if we must have fantastic variation solos. These things have all their charm in the fact that they are exceptional; the moment they become common, the moment Paganini sets all the host of virtuosos imitating this strange freak, why, it becomes at once the emptiest, cheapest, most common-place and irksome of all the exhibitions of grown men. In a *Wunderkind*, a child of genius, it is all right again; again exceptional and again genuine. Besides the character, the spirit of these curious fantasias is in harmony with a genial child's fresh, marvellous imagination. Such music has not the stuff of manhood or of womanhood in it; it has not actual passion, either of love or of ambition, on the one hand, nor intellectual logical development of thought on the other; but it is fantastic, fairy-like, belonging to the wondering instincts of child geniuses, to genius of the young Mozart sort, at an age too young for love, or stern ambition, or logical consistency of thought, or religious searching of the depths of one's own soul. Your full-grown virtuosos make most clumsy, awkward fairies; their noble mission is in lending their bow and their skill in bringing out the combined symphonies of genius, music that is full of human and prophetic meaning, so grand as to absorb all little solo-playing individual vanities. When we detect the earnest and devout tones of a master violinist, in the rank and file of the orchestra, in the grand symphony, our hearts acknowledge him and praise him to a degree that he could not possibly win from us by the most brilliant Paganini solo, in which he might show his virtuosity. Play Beethoven, play Mozart, unless you can compose better, O ye wonder-working, wandering stars, and become *fixed* stars; play earnest, manly things, and leave the fairy, the Undine-like, soulless element to the children, to the Julliens and Ursos!

LIEDERKRANZ, *Liedertafel*, *Sängerbund*, *Sängerverein*, &c., are all common designations of the German clubs and circles of male part-singers. For some time we could not ascertain by what name Mr. Kreissman's little company here in Boston chose to be called, and so gave them the most primitive and characteristic name of *Liedertafel*, which means a Song Table, alluding to the custom of these societies in their origin, sitting around a table as they sang.

But it appears that the distinctive title of the Boston Germans is *Liederkrantz*, which is literally a "Wreath of Songs."

Sängerverein means "Singers' Union," and *Sängerbund* a league or affiliated brotherhood of singers. The latter term is used sometimes of the single circle, but more commonly of the annual convention or congress of circles.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The Second Chamber Concert, Thursday, Dec. 9th, drew a large audience, who seemed deeply interested to the end. The Sextet by Beethoven, for string quartet and two horns *obligato*, (in E flat, Op. 81.) tasked the solo-playing capacity of the horns rather too severely in the first and last movements, though they were played by such skilful artists as Messrs. HAMANN and EICHLER. We fancy that Beethoven must have written that, more for the gratification of some extraordinary couple of hornists, than from the prompting of his own taste and genius; why make the slow, but honest horns perform the work of flutes? The Adagio was more suited to the genius of the instrument, where it enriched and filled out the harmony with its warm mellow tones. A pleasant surprise it was to recognize in this Adagio, that solemn and religious strain which has been sung here with such sublime effect, by a chorus of a hundred voices *pianissimo*, under the title of "*Vesper Hymn*," *Jubilate*, &c.

The Adagio and variations ("God save the emperor") from Haydn's Quartet, are always pleasant; but the great thing of the evening was the Quintet in C, No. 2, of Mozart, one of the perfect and satisfying compositions in this form, which we count it always an especial good fortune to have any chance to hear. It was played "with the spirit and the understanding." None of the strings sinned against true intonation much that evening, if our ears were true.

The fantasie on the violoncello by WULF FRIES, with two little German *Lieder* for themes, by Reissiger and Krebs, was warmly applauded, and indeed exhibited his command of the instrument to great advantage. Miss LEHMANN sang Schubert's "*Wanderer*" with impassioned energy; her large low tones suit the song well, but we fancy its true character lies more properly with the bass voice than with the contralto. In Mendelssohn's "*Zuleika*" she was very happy, and in answer to the encore, gave most appropriately its sister song, *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*, or "*Maid of Ganges*,"—one of the most perfect of songs, both in the words, which are Heine's, and in the music, and in the perfect marrying of both. This was sung with true conception, and true feeling. Mr. TRENKLE's share also in these pieces, as accompanist, merits respectful notice.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY. The Second Concert, this evening, offers rich and solid attractions. The Symphony is Mendelssohn's best, in A minor, the one embodying his reminiscences of Scotland, which has grown in favor with our audiences now for two or three winters, and is always welcomed with enthusiasm, at the afternoon rehearsals and at all times. We are continually struck on these occasions by the great popularity of Mendelssohn; the bare mention of his name, when the conductor turns round to the audience, is sure to elicit a very hearty kind of applause. Then there will be the noble overture to *Leonora*, and a new overture by Wallace. For variety, Mr. WULF FRIES and Mr. RYAN, justly favorites on their respective instruments, will play solos. And we know that an intelligent and critical audience promise themselves real pleasure from hearing Miss MARY WEBB, the daughter of our esteemed teacher and president of the Society, sing the fine selections set down in the programme.

JUDAS MACCABEUS. The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY open their oratorio season to-morrow evening

with this noble work of Handel's. The subject is taken from the most patriotic times of Jewish history and is full of grand and glowing texts, which could not have been wedded to fitter music than those glorious choruses and songs of HANDEL, the composer, above all others, whose music represents the large and generous sentiments of country and humanity. Several of the songs and choruses ring with the steel and temper of the truest heroism, and the funeral music is of the most impressive ever written.

The Society deserve the fullest patronage for the thorough and complete manner in which they have prepared this oratorio. The chorus is larger than ever before, and showed the fruits of careful practice at the last rehearsal, which was every way encouraging. The principal singers are generally well and favorably known, especially Miss STONE and Mrs. WENTWORTH, who are to give the admirable duet: "O lovely Peace," and all have conscientiously studied their parts. The organ is in the safe hands of Mr. MUELLER; the orchestral accompaniments will be given to perfection by the Germanians; and the whole pivots on as skillful a conductor as we perhaps have had in America, Mr. CARL BERGMANN.

Two dollars for the series of six such grand performances will be thought scarcely a mere nominal price by those who can appreciate them at all. See advertisement.

OTTO DRESEL's First Monthly Soirée is unavoidably changed from Monday to Wednesday evening next. The programme too has undergone new alterations, but as it stands on the last page is now fixed, and a most choice and dainty one it is, in many respects quite novel, while it contains not a particle of common-place or clap-trap. We are sorry that Mr. Dreisel's own Trio, of which we have proved the quality, has to give place; but the fire that consumed friend Chickering's works, consumed Dreisel's Trio also, and it will take time to write it out anew. He gives, instead, a portion of his Quartet. Then, what can be better than the Trio of Mendelssohn, with SCHULTZE and BERGMANN for assistants, and an entire Sonata of Beethoven?

The piano pieces by Chopin, &c, and the songs of Franz and Schumann, by Miss Lehmann, flowers too delicately individual for large concert rooms, will give the audience an idea of the best and truest that has been produced in those last days.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will hold their own, we trust, next Thursday evening, notwithstanding that the "Germanians" have to offer their attractions the same night, in order that Christmas evening may be open for that grandest expression of the Christmas sentiment, the oratorio of "The Messiah." The real circle of lovers of choice Chamber Music is commonly hard to separate, and if it do not prove so in the Masonic Temple next Thursday, it will not be because the Club have not provided a rich feast. Schumann's Quintet, with the aid of such a pianist as Mr. OTTO DRESEL, a Quartet of Beethoven, and his song of songs, *Adelaide*, sung by Miss LEHMANN, ought to outshine almost any outside attraction.

The next "GERMANIA" Concert is also announced for Thursday, when will be presented that warmest, sweetest, and most love-inspired of Beethoven's Symphonies, the fourth, in B flat;—also the Notturmo from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and two new overtures, one, by Mendelssohn, to "Athalia," and one, by Nicolai, to "Merry Wives of Windsor." To these add ALFRED JAEHL, and the dear little URSO-LINA, and CARL ZEPHRAIN's flute, and it is clear that the entertainment will be fully up to the standard of the "Germanians."

This programme announces no singer; yet it has come whispered to us, as among the good things possible, that the audience may be unexpectedly gratified on that evening by the first public effort of a young soprano of our city of rare promise, whose rich and sympathetic voice and genuine aspiration to become an artist have for some time inspired her friends with the conviction that she ought to enjoy the best opportunities of European culture. A public trial of her voice, we doubt not, will make many share this wish; and should it take place (either at the next or following concert), we need not bespeak the considerate indulgence of our musical friends.

Our Boston readers will no doubt be glad to learn that Mr. Wm. H. FRY is making arrangements to repeat here, in our new Music Hall, his Lectures on Music, which are now exciting so much interest in New York. He has yet seven more to give there, and will probably be able to commence here in February, after the other thick-coming novelties shall be somewhat thinned out. And this will be the greatest novelty of all. Mr. Fry has not only a genuine love, but an indefatigable curiosity in all that pertains to the laws and history of the Divine Art; he is gifted with the spirit of research, with enthusiasm and a brilliant pen. Many curious antiquities, in illustration of musical history, he has possessed himself of in his long residence in Europe; and with a large choir, and orchestra, and principal Italian singers, at his command, it will be both curious and instructive to hear old monuments of the day-dawn of musical art contrasted with the masterpieces of to-day.

Such an enterprise must surely meet a warm response among our music-lovers. Every chorus-singer must be glad to lend a voice to the bringing out of effects, so interesting and instructive to us all. A thousand subscribers to the course will pay, and Boston ought to furnish twice that number.

New York.

DEATH OF MR. SEGUIN. Arthur Edward Sheldon Seguin, the vocalist, died in this city on Monday. He was born in London in 1808, and was member of the London Academy of Music, from which he retired in 1830, having gained the honors of the academy. In the following year he made his first appearance on the English stage, at the Queen's Theatre, then under the management of McFarren. It was on the 3d of February, 1831, that he made his debut in the character of Polyphemus, in Handel's "Acis and Galatea." Mr. Seguin became a popular favorite, and enjoyed profitable engagements at the Italian Opera House, and the theatres of Covent Garden and Drury-lane. He came to this country in 1838, and made his first appearance on the American stage at the old National Theatre, in this city, on the 15th of October. The National was then under the management of Mr. James Wallack, the present proprietor of the Lyceum. Here Mr. Seguin played as a star, having made his debut as General Von der Teimar in the Opera of "Amilie." He subsequently visited professionally the principal cities of the United States, and maintained an excellent reputation as a bass singer and comic actor. At the time of his death, Mr. Seguin was a member of the Lyceum Company. He had been unwell for some time past, and had become quite thin and emaciated, though his voice had lost little of its power. While at rehearsal about three weeks since, he was observed to become suddenly ill and faint, and had to be accommodated with a chair. He was immediately sent in a carriage to his residence in White-Street, and we believe never visited the theatre since. His disease, we understand, was an affection of the heart. Mr. Seguin has left a handsome competence to his family, consisting of a wife and four children. Mrs. Seguin is also a vocalist. She has withdrawn from the stage, and at present devotes her time to the teaching of music and singing at her academy. She has enjoyed a high reputation in this country, to which she came with her husband in 1838.—N. Y. Tribune, Dec. 15th.

The sickness of our carrier, and the substitution of another man, to whom the route was new, must account to our city subscribers for the irregularity with which they were served last week. To-day, we trust, our distribution will be regular.

Handel and Haydn Society.

FIRST CONCERT OF THE SERIES.

HANDEL'S GRAND ORATORIO OF JUDAS MACCABEUS,

Will be performed by the

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY,

On Sunday Evening, December 19, 1852,

AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

ASSISTED BY

Miss ANNA STONE, Mrs. EMMA A. WENTWORTH, Mrs. T. H. EMMONS, Messrs. E. H. FROST, E. HAMILTON, J. H. LOW, C. H. WEBB, S. S. CLEMENT, and the
GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Conductor, Mr. C. BERGMANN.
Organist and Pianist, Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

Doors open at 6; Concert to commence at 7 o'clock. Packages of Tickets for the Series of Six Concerts, at Two Dollars, or single tickets at 50 cents, may be obtained at the Music Stores, of the Secretary at 138 Washington Street, at the door on the evening of performance, and at the Tremont and Revere Houses on Sunday.

J. L. FAIRBANKS, Secretary.

EXTRACTS from the "Rules and Regulations of the BOSTON MUSIC HALL."

1. No seat of any kind will be allowed in any one of the aisles or passages of the Hall, under any circumstances whatever.
2. No seat in the building shall be removed from one place to another, nor any seat be carried into the building from without, except by order of the Superintendent.
3. No person shall have a lighted cigar within the building.
4. No person shall touch the gas fixtures in any part of the building, except by order of the Superintendent.
5. The "Ladies' Room" is exclusively for female visitors to the Hall, as a cloak-room, dressing-room, &c., and gentlemen are not permitted to enter this room at any time.
6. The Superintendent will be in his office (entrance from Winter street) to receive applications for the use of the Hall and Lecture room, every day, (Sunday's excepted) from 3 to 6 P. M.
7. Persons hereafter hiring the Boston Music Hall, for the purpose of giving Concerts or other entertainments, shall be required to dispose of the seats by their numbers, unless, on special application to the Committee of Directors, this regulation shall be dispensed with.

Published, per order of the Board of Directors.
F. L. BATCHELDER, Secretary.

Boston Musical Fund Society. SIXTH SERIES.

SECOND GRAND CONCERT, For the Establishment of a Charitable Fund.

THE patrons of the BOSTON MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY are respectfully informed that the Second Grand Concert of the Sixth Series will be given at the

NEW MUSIC HALL,

On SATURDAY EVENING, December 4,

For which occasion Miss MARY ISABELLA WEBB has kindly volunteered her services.

Instrumental Solo Performers—Messrs. WULF FRIES and THOMAS RYAN.

DIRECTOR, Mr. WULF FRIES.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Grand Symphony, No. 3, (A Minor) Mendelssohn.
Introduction and Allegro Agitato—Scherzo assai vivace.
Adagio Cantabile.
2. Cavatina—"Regnava nel silenzio," from Lucia di Lammermoor. Donizetti.
Miss MARY ISABELLA WEBB.

Part II.

3. Overture—Leonora. Beethoven.
4. Fantasia sur la Sonnambula, for Violoncello, Kummer.
Mr. WULF FRIES.
5. Ballad—"Auld Robin Gray." Miss MARY ISABELLA WEBB.
6. Solo—Clarinet. Mr. THOMAS RYAN.
7. Bravura—"Happy Birdling of the Forest." Flute Obligato by Mr. A. Warner. W. V. Wallace.
Miss MARY ISABELLA WEBB.
8. Overture—Robert Dervieux (first time). Wallace.

Single Tickets 50 cents, may be obtained at the usual places, and at the door on the evening of performance.

Doors open at 6—Concert commences at 7½ o'clock.

OTTO DRESEL'S FIRST MONTHLY MUSICAL SOIRÉE,

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 22,

IN MR. JOHNSON'S MUSIC HALL, (in the New Building next south of Tremont Temple), assisted by

Miss CAROLINE LEHMANN,

ALFRED JAEHL,

Mr. SCHULTZE, VIOLIN,

Mr. MEISEL, VIOLA,

CARL BERGMANN, VIOLONCELLO.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. First Allegro from a Sonata for Piano, four hands, Moscheles. ALFRED JAEHL and OTTO DRESEL.
2. Andante and Intermezzo from a Quartet for Piano, Violin, Viola and Cello. Otto Dresel.
OTTO DRESEL, Mr. SCHULTZE, Mr. MEISEL, CARL BERGMANN.
3. German Songs:—
a. "Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen." Robert Franz.
b. "Du meine Seele, du mein Herz." Robert Schumann.
Miss CAROLINE LEHMANN.
4. Sonata for Piano Solo, E flat, Op. 29. Beethoven.
a. Allegro—b. Scherzo—c. Minuetto—d. Finale.
OTTO DRESEL.

PART II.

5. First Trio for Piano, Violin, and Cello. Mendelssohn.
a. Allegro agitato—b. Andante tranquillo—
c. Scherzo—d. Finale.
OTTO DRESEL, Mr. SCHULTZE, and CARL BERGMANN.
6. German Songs:—
a. "Mother, oh sing me to rest, as in my bright days departed." Robert Franz.
b. Trockne Blumen. Franz Schubert.
Miss CAROLINE LEHMANN.
7. Piano Solos:—a. Notturmo and Mazurka. Chopin.
b. Spring Song. Mendelssohn.
OTTO DRESEL.

The Concert will begin precisely at half past seven.
Subscription for the Series of Five Concerts, \$1. Single Tickets, at \$1, to be had at Reed's Music Store; and at Mr. Chickering's Ware-room, 379 Washington St.

